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FAYOLLE



Addresses delivered at dinner given by
Lafayette Day National Committee and Lafayette-
Marne Day Committee of New York at the Wal-
dorf-Astoria, New York, October 11th, 1920, in
honor of **GENERAL FAYOLLE** of the French
Army, Commander of the American Forces at
the Second Battle of the Marne July 1918, ap-
pointed Marshal of France February 19, 1921.

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INTRODUCTORY REMARKS BY MAURICE LEON, TOASTMASTER.

DC 146
2A 55 LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: The task of Toastmaster tonight is a singularly simple one, owing to our desire to save our distinguished guest as much of the strain of the well-known American hospitality as possible, and so in one toast—let me propose to you,—

The Presidents of the United States and of France, our Sister Republics, and in the words of Washington's toast, "France and America, united forever." (Applause, followed by the playing of the Marsellaise and the Star Spangled Banner).

We delight to do honor to the man who helped Italy save the day at the Piave in October, 1917; who helped Britain, with her back to the wall, save the day in March and April, 1918, and who, when the front at the Chemin des Dames was broken, in command of that great retreat, thought out with his eminent colleague and Chief, Marshal Foch, and carried out the second victorious Battle of the Marne. (Applause)

Standing here tonight, I cannot help recalling another occasion in this room. Some of you, no doubt remember it with me. In May, 1917, we were gathered here to honor Marshal Joffre. He came to us just as we were entering the war. With all the confusion attendant upon our state of unpreparedness, his contribution to our efforts at that time, our efforts to make a start, cannot be overestimated. But there are other figures than that of the well-beloved commander at the first Battle of the Marne, that occur to me, men who were here on the same occasion. It is unthinkable they should not be mentioned tonight. You all remember among them the man, who, through our painful neutrality, from time to time blurted out what was in the American mind and conscience, and who helped so much to make the American mind think along lines of wisdom and reason. Some of you undoubtedly remember him, when, being the Chairman of the Committee who greeted Marshal Joffre, Mr. Viviani, Mr. Balfour,— when JOSEPH H. CHOATE (Applause) found the word which at last gave us a starting point, when, without underestimating the difficulties of those in power, he cried out, the day before the banquet in this room,—

"For God's sake, hurry up."

Well, that was a bugle cry. It was a trumpet call which swept the country, and even while it was resounding around our four corners, the work of making war was at last begun.

Nor can we forget another figure. He too was here at that time, the man who led America to the war and through the war, THEODORE ROOSEVELT. (Applause)

And among those here to welcome our distinguished guests of that time, you all remember JOHN PURROY MITCHEL (Applause) and his fine example of courage.

It would be also unthinkable not to speak in the presence of our distinguished guest of another man who in a whole souled way, gave himself to the cause which was France's cause, and which was our cause from the start, who saw it to be such from the start, who devoted himself to it from the start, ROBERT BACON. (Applause)

These four men, so different, yet had something in common. They helped us through a great ordeal, and it would be a very unfitting greeting to our guest which would not include mention of their names.

Now, my task is done, and it is a great pleasure for me to pass the badge of authority to my neighbor on the right, my friend, Mr. JOHN QUINN. (Applause)

ADDRESS BY JOHN QUINN.

GENERAL FAYOLLE AND LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

Mr. Léon's brief reminiscent remarks prompt me to one word of further reminiscence of a time that goes back to the first days of the German war. The war had not long begun when Mr. Léon and some of us on this side who were associated with him, got into it as far as we could. At the time when we were urged, almost ordered, by the then Secretary of State of the United States and by others in high office in Washington to be neutral in thought and in words as well as acts, Mr. Léon and others, whom I see here tonight, were neutral neither in thought nor in words nor in acts, and we took no pains to conceal our sympathy with the Allies and our detestation of Germany and Germanism. (Applause)

In the Niagara of admissions and recriminations, under the guise and in the form of German history and German autobiographies, that are pouring from the presses of Germany, we have observed some interesting confessions, and one of them is the official confession of the present German office-holders—I won't call them a Government—that they were disappointed in the attitude and acts of the German Americans in America during the war, disappointed because the eighteen or twenty million German Americans in America did not keep America neutral. Well, we know what the Germans are in this country and we also know what the Germans are in Germany and in other countries. We know that in Germany for the most part they were and are a nation of organized and industrious mediocrities. We know that in this country they are industrious mediocrities, but without the organization that they had in Germany. While they for years had advertised themselves as supermen in Germany, supermen in business and industry and politics, in war, in diplomacy and even in arts and "Kultur," we knew by experience that they were not supermen here. Here we knew by experience that they were mediocre barbers, bad waiters, successful butchers, excellent brewers, good musicians, and veritable captains of industry in the delicatessen business. (Laughter). But as far as contributing to what they are fond of calling the "Kultural" life of the country, their record in the United States was and is almost zero.

So it is no surprise to us that the Germans in Germany in their explanations of their defeat confess that the German Americans failed in the efforts that Germany expected them to make to keep the United States neutral during the war. The result was that German propaganda to keep the United States neutral became official,—had to be bought and paid for—bought and paid for under the guidance of as cunning and unscrupulous a gang of cut-throats as ever held official positions—Mr. Boy-Ed, and Mr. von-Papen, not to speak of the illustrious Dernburg and the humane and kindly Bernstorff. Those were the men who plotted arson, who schemed sabotage, who were responsible for the destruction of millions of dollars worth of American property, which is not yet compensated for, and who have on their conscience, if they ever had consciences, the lives of hundreds of American citizens. During that time—which was long before the United States came into the war, of course—German propaganda—newspapers bought and paid for—was also in full swing. It is a little difficult now to think back over a period of more than six years and to realize

vividly how sometimes the issue of neutrality seemed to balance in the public opinion of this country. We all know what the so-called leaders of German thought did, or rather what they did not do, and that they never repudiated or expressed regret for the fiendish barbarities of the German army and navy which were applauded and rejoiced in by the German people. We know the shameful, the brazen defense that the ninety-three so-called German intellectuals, the German scientists, historians, theologians, artists and philosophers, made of the German entry into the war, a pronouncement that ought to remain to the eternal shame of German science and so-called philosophy and scholarship, a pronouncement which ought to make intercourse with intellectual Germany impossible until that shameful declaration has been explicitly withdrawn and publicly atoned for.

There was one man who was prompt to marshal "the evidence in the case" from the beginning, long before we were forced into the war, one man who stood out, whose contributions to the demonstration of German guilt have won for him the gratitude of the people of this country and the people of all of the Allies. He is the gentleman whom I now have the honor of introducing to you, Mr. James M. Beck. (Applause)

ADDRESS OF HONORABLE JAMES M. BECK.

GENERAL FAYOLLE, MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

I am greatly privileged in being one of those selected to interpret the abundant good-will that this and any American audience would feel for the distinguished guest of the night, and for the great and glorious army that he so fittingly represents by the designation of its supreme commander, Marshal Foch. (Applause)

I think the Chairman has wisely warned us to spare General Fayolle any extended address,—as he is, as he now realizes, the involuntary victim of American hospitality. Nansen, you remember, drifted across the Pole in the Fram and endured two years of terrible hardship in the Arctic winter, but when he came back unbroken in health, and made one lecturing tour across our Continent, he broke down under American hospitality. Our guest tonight must be very tired, and therefore we must say briefly but with full hearts that which impels us to gather tonight in his honor, and which we hope enables us, through him, to convey a message of greeting and good-will to his great commander, Marshal Foch, and the army that he represents in France.

Our guest has come to America at a peculiar time, and our present political strife might suggest to him that there was in this country some reaction from the heroic memories of the Great War, to which reference has been made tonight. I think, however, that the reaction is simply that of a transition period of reconstruction and cannot fairly be regarded as more than one of the eddies of a mighty stream that rolls to its appointed end.

We are busily engaged in two mighty problems in this country; one, to determine whether nine gentlemen from Cleveland can run around four bases faster than an other nine, which represent Brooklyn. This important question takes up a large amount of space on the first pages of our newspapers. The second and other problem, and which ought to interest General Fayolle is, that we are now electing by

popular ballot the next commander in chief of the Army and Navy of the United States (Applause and Laughter), and it may be said that those who are named for that very high honor have, none of them, any military experience that can be bragged about at this board. (Laughter)

However, these temporary eddies, as I say, of a mighty current mean so little to any one who looks in the perspective of history. I crossed the ocean last summer, and found that after I had traversed some 2,000 miles of inhospitable waters, that I came to a mysterious current, called the Gulf Stream. I could not tell where I entered it, or where we left it. What I did know was that the air became balmy, and that this great Gulf Stream, proceeding whence we know not, and whither we know not, yet has the fructifying power of bringing health, and fertility to distant lands that otherwise would be mere wildernesses. It is precisely so with this ocean of American public opinion. There are indeed many waves tossing high at the moment, and there is a certain confusion as to what the waves portend. But so far as our Allies of the Great War, and notably so far as France,—so dear always to American memory,—are concerned now as always, there runs through this great ocean of conglomerate humanity, the American people, a mighty gulf stream of sympathy and good-will towards France and our Allies.

I can perhaps give you an illustration of how little importance we ought to attach to these temporary eddies in comparison to the current of popular sympathy. The most sacred place of all America is Valley Forge,—where our guest's great compatriot, Lafayette, suffered with Washington and the men, whose bleeding feet marked their paths among the snow. When that terrible winter had passed away and the spring had come, there came to Washington's little army the glorious news that France had signed an alliance with the infant colonies, and Washington with his own hand framed the order to celebrate so great an event in the world's history. That order was, that his little army,—French and American,—should be assembled on the banks of the Schuylkill, and that thereupon, to the rolling of the drums and to the thrice repeated roar of the cannon, there should be given three cheers,—the first, for France, the second, for all the friendly European allies, and the last, for the American states. Those cheers which awoke the echoes in the valley of the Schuylkill now nearly one hundred and fifty years ago, have never ceased their reverberations. Well, the time came, that following in the reaction from the Revolutionary War, there was a temporary ebb in the flow of enthusiasm for France, while even after the second visit of Lafayette there was an acute tension between France and the United States in Jackson's time. To show how little importance is to be attached to these eddies, the fact remains, and it is the great psychological fact, that your dry-as-dust historian too often ignores, that the great impulse that in 1917 brought America into the World war was not merely the sinking of this or that vessel upon the high seas, but the deep, sub-conscious feeling of the American conscience that the great service rendered to us by France in our hour of direst peril should be repaid in her hour of stress. It was no unmeaning thing that Pershing said at the tomb of Lafayette, "Lafayette, we are here."

We Americans do not merely build upon the memory of Lafayette and Rochambeau and DeGrasse. We have other great memories, General Fayolle; there is hardly an American boy, no matter how little history he may know of other nations, who

does not know of Napoleon and his great marshals,—Massena, and Ney, and Davoust and Soult, and Lannes and many others, whose names are emblazoned in glory, but as one star will fade into another, so I venture to say that when the temporary eddies that are now in progress in American thought have passed away, the American boy of the future generation will have among the very heroes of his soul a new set of marshals. There will be Joffre and Foch and Castelnau and Mangin and Maunoury and Franchet d'Esperey and Petain and General Fayolle. (Applause)

These memories will help Franco-American relations in a way that I can illustrate, if I may borrow an analogy from the Church of our Roman Catholic Brethren; and they will avail us in the trying hours of the international complications that are inevitable in a distracted world in the years to come. Our Roman Catholic brethren have or had, I know not which, a very beautiful belief that they describe in the language of the church as the "Treasury of the Saints". There were some saints whose superfluous merits not only availed for their own salvation, but being in excess of their own needs, they became a part of the Treasury of the Church, and could help for the salvation of lesser mortals, and I think it is true that America and France have in common, a Treasury of the Saints. They have the great names of past history, and of current history, some of whom I have already mentioned, which do not now appear in all their surpassing greatness, as they will in the future centuries, for exactly as a man standing at the base of Mount Blanc cannot see its snow white summit, so we cannot see the immeasurable greatness of the titanic struggle that so recently ended, and because we do not see it, we cannot appreciate the surpassing greatness of the men who wrought and achieved the most amazing military triumph in all history. Take for example, if I may be pardoned, just one feature of the Battle of the Marne. Have you Americans ever measured the magnitude of that battle? Let me measure in my terms of American geography, and then you will see that it so far dwarfs all previous battles in the history of the world that except in their consequence, they are not to be mentioned in comparison with it.

The Battle of the Marne from Paris to Nancy to the south, is approximately the distance from New York to Pittsburg, and if you can imagine an army pivoting in New York, with its left wing in Pittsburgh, and then in the midst of the most terrific impact that was ever known in military history, with the whole front from New York to Pittsburg defended by a million men, swinging back in perfect coordination until its left wing in Pittsburg was at length at Washington, then you have a conception of the mere geographical area of that which probably will be ranked as the greatest battle in the world. They fought against overwhelming odds. I mention this because I think it should be mentioned in the presence of one who was part of the brains of that campaign, a gallant soldier on Foch's staff, and contributed so much to the marvellous coordination of this great battle line. Apart from the immortal bravery of the French soldier, there was in the victory of the Marne an intellectual achievement that has never been surpassed in all military history.

I spent last winter with a great deal of interest reading the German accounts of the Marne, and that which impressed me was the intellectual genius of the French as compared with the pedantic thoroughness and scientific method of the Germans, the one depending upon the power of improvisation as Napoleon would have,—the other upon a pedantic theory that had been wrought out for twenty-five years before

by Von Schlieffen and the elder Von Moltke. The task that Joffre sustained was to bring back his entire army from Charleroi all the way to the Marne. It involved wonderful intellectual power. With roads clogged with refugees, villages smoking and in flames before them, with the hurry and rush of the most tremendous impact that military war has ever known, Joffre brought his army back in such perfect coordination, that when Joffre's armies were ordered to turn, and die in their tracks before they yielded another inch of the sacred soil of France, the coordination was so perfect and in such marked contrast with the lack of coordination of their adversaries,—the reputedly greatest military machine in the world,—that the victory was won, not merely by the immortal bravery of the soldier in the ranks but by the clarity of French genius, by that marvelous mind that never lost its poise, that never for a moment lost courage, and that at the precise moment, turned with an inferior force and drove back the Germans nearly fifty miles, and saved civilization. (Tremendous applause.)

Now, I have already spoken longer than I intended, and I have already violated a suggestion of this tabloid speech. I remember last Summer in Stratford, I saw the play of Hamlet, and I was very much impressed with the fact that the ghost of Hamlet in the first act delivered the longest after-dinner speech on record, because you remember it was exactly midnight when Hamlet came upon the battlement, and the ghost appeared and it was dawn when the latter ended his speech. I have always thought that Hamlet's interpolations in the Ghost's very extended speech when he said, "Alas, poor Ghost", as though he were wound up, and again "Oh, horrible, horrible, horrible" properly measured the pernicious influence of a speaker who says, "Brief must I be", and then fails to be brief. (Laughter).

However, I cannot conclude this little talk without saying to General Fayolle that he is one of the saints in this great struggle, whose superfluous merits are going to avail for the salvation of our two countries. Let me tell him, and I hope that he will take the message back not as coming from me, but from the great heart of the American people,—that while we may differ with respect to the methods of our participation in world affairs, there is no real difference among the American people, except a negligible minority, as to the great question, that we not only want to play a real part in the readjustment and reconstruction of a disordered civilization, but we want to play that part side by side with France. (Applause).

We may not be sympathetic with any form of an alliance with all possible powers, because there are some with which we have scant sympathy, but if history does not mislead us, we know we have the very deepest sympathy and comradeship with a sister republic, our younger sister, because we are the older republic of the two.

We know that her ideals are our ideals, her achievements are partly our achievements. We know that we wrought our work of independence with the aid of valorous France, and we know that in this later period of stress and storm, when civilization shook to its very foundations, and no one knew whether civilization in the future might not be that of a barbarous autocracy,—that it was again France, on the frontier of civilization that stood and stood and waited, without whining or complaining, until we came.

It was said a few minutes ago,—I hope it will never be forgotten,—that that one short speech of Choate will probably be remembered beyond all his legal argu-

ments, when he voiced the anguish and anxiety of this country with his "For God's Sake, hurry up"; but I recall another, spoken by one at this board, the brilliant Consul-General of France, who not very long after Choate had uttered this cry of alarm, said, at a little dinner that I was present, these four words, and they were said with French wit, and like French wit, it went to the very heart of the question. He said to an audience of Americans,—

"Don't worry; only hurry". (Applause)

And that was France's attitude, "Don't worry, only hurry". We did appear, and it is a matter of profound gratification to us that a part of our army was in that Group of Armies so ably led by the distinguished guest of the night, so that he had, what I trust he will regard as a great privilege,—the leadership of the American armies, "somewhere in France", to use that term of exquisite beauty."

Last Summer I was over on the other side and I went to Verdun, and taking a car I left Verdun and went across the Bellevue Hills, and saw that which I did not see in 1916, when I was the guest of General Dubois in Verdun, because then the Germans were there, but now, they had been swept away, and I could see those places of immortal memory,—Dououment and l'Hemme du Mort, the Rort of Death Valley. As I climbed the heights of Dououment, I was touched by a memorial, the most beautiful memorial,—I do not mean framed by the hand of an artist,—but in the eloquence of its meaning. It was near the crest of Dououment a little red cross surmounting the mount, and about it the graves of some of those "children of France", who had died for their country, and I looked at the inscription, and I shall never forget it. This was the inscription,"

August 1916

"They shall not pass"

Nov. 11th, 1918,

"They did not pass." (Applause)

They did not pass, Thank God. Most of all we owe it to the soldiers of France, and among those who have deserved well, was the distinguished general whom we greatly honor, whom we welcome here tonight, and to whom we say, not "Hail and Farewell", but in the exquisite language of his own country we say,

"Bon Voyage and Au Revoir." (Applause)

MR. QUINN: Mr. Beck, I had hoped, would allude to one recent bit of history, but as he has not mentioned it I venture to do so.

I wonder how many in this room realize what the situation in Europe was two months ago yesterday. A few days before August 10, 1920, the Bolsheviks had announced that Warsaw would be taken on the 11th and then on the 12th of August. At that time there were two Soviet emissaries in London, one a Russian of the name of Kameneff, whose real name is Rosenfeld and who is Trotzky's brother-in-law, and the other Krassin. On the morning of August 10, 1920, those two Bolshevik emissaries published in London the Bolshevik condition of peace for Poland.

Now in what I am about to say I shall deal only with recent historical facts. In

calling attention to these recent facts, I am sure that no one will understand that I do not appreciate fully the importance of international good will and of amity between the Allies. I am also sure that no one will misinterpret what I am about to say as inspired by any lack of the desire to give full credit and honor to the glorious part that England played in the war from the very beginning. We know how the pacifists in the British Government must have embarrassed and obstructed Sir Edward Grey in his desire that Great Britain should discharge her plain duty to herself and her honorable obligation to France in those first trying days of the war. I personally can never forget that short but great letter that Mr. Bonar Law sent to Mr. Asquith, dated August 2, 1914. It is worth reading again; and, as Mr. L. J. Maxse has said, it was all the more efficacious because it was not disfigured by the paralyzing word "Private". Here it is:

"August 2, 1914.

Dear Mr. Asquith:

Lord Lansdowne and I feel it our duty to inform you that, in our opinion, as well as in that of all the colleagues whom we have been able to consult, it would be fatal to the honor and security of the United Kingdom to hesitate in supporting France and Russia at the present juncture, and we offer our unhesitating support to the Government in any measures they may consider necessary for that object.

Yours very truly,
A. Bonar Law"

It was only after the sending of that note that France received a definite pledge of British support. From that day onward to the end, England played her part and played it greatly. (Applause). She is our friend and, so far as I can see into the future, will, I hope, always remain our friend. (Applause)

But I am going now to take the liberty of a friend and be frank tonight on one point of very recent history. That brings me to August 10, 1920, just two months and one day ago. The terms that the two Soviet emissaries were willing to bestow upon Poland were published that morning in the London papers and included, among other conditions, the following terms: the demobilization of the Polish army down to a negligible force of some 15,000 men; surrender to the Soviets of all cannon and artillery and war material of all kinds except the arms necessary for that pitiful force of 15,000 men; the 15,000 army thus graciously to be allowed to Poland to consist of a labor army, obviously to be dominated by the Soviets; the demolition of all munition factories in Poland; the prohibition of further importation of arms and war supplies into Poland from abroad; the destruction of the Polish corridor and the practical surrender of Danzig to the Bolsheviks; and then when they had made Poland helpless, when they had stripped her of everything that made for Polish national security and Polish self-respect, the Bolsheviks would graciously agree to reduce their forces upon the Polish borders to such numbers as would be pleasing to the Bolsheviks. In short, Russia that morning announced to the world that she was going to do to Poland—no, not Russia, but the Bolshevik minority which is tyrannizing Russia—was going to do to Poland what the Germans boasted they would do to Belgium, what they thought they were certain to do. Those were roughly the

terms published by Herr Kameneff and Herr Krassin in London on the morning of August 10, 1920. That evening Mr. George made one of his long, rambling speeches in the House of Commons. The causes that led Mr. George to make that speech contain, I think, a valuable lesson for the people of this country. Many of you of course know that for many months before that time certain professorial anarchists and certain psychological socialists in England like Mr. Bertie Russell, and other pacifists and pseudo anarchists had been proclaiming that conditions in Russia were ideal, that Lenine and Trotzky and their co-religionists and co-supporters were the archangels of the new dispensation, that Bolshevism meant, if not peace on earth, Sovietism on earth, and if not good will to men, the triumph of the German ideas of Karl Marx. Those things had been said so many times that English labor, in its pitiful ignorance and provinciality, had come to believe that Bolshevism was a new revelation and a new dispensation. The result was that English labor, through the so-called council of action, dictated its own foreign policy to the English cabinet and the English Government. Nobody believes that Mr. George willingly made the shameful speech that I am about to refer to. Obviously he made it at the dictation of English labor, and it is a shameful episode that I am sure all self-respecting Englishmen regretted then and must still regret deeply. The irony of the situation was that scarcely had Mr. George made that shameful speech when those same philosophical anarchists and psychological socialists and communistic professors and male and female pacifists returned from Russia to England to proclaim and confess their disillusion and to admit that instead of a new dispensation Bolshevism meant brutal tyranny by a small minority, starvation, unspeakable cruelty and veritable hell on earth. But so far as Mr. George was concerned the mischief had been done. British labor had been taught for so many months that Bolshevism was a new heaven that Mr. George felt compelled to surrender to labor's idea on the Polish question.

Mr. George in his speech blamed Poland for having attacked Russia. His speech showed that he had lost his nerve, and although he tried to cover up his shameful surrender by a grandiloquent flourish about "meeting them at Philippi" at the end of his speech, the whole speech was one long note of resignation and hopelessness and was nothing but an admission to the Bolsheviks and to the world of England's unconditional surrender of Poland to the Bolsheviks to do with Poland what they would. In that speech Mr. George said over and over again that Russia was entitled to exact any guarantees that she thought necessary for her future relations with Poland. It should be remembered that that speech was delivered on the same day that the Bolshevik terms to Poland were announced in London, terms from which Mr. George did not dissent but, on the contrary, in the face of those terms he announced that Russia was entitled to exact any guarantees that Russia saw fit to impose upon Poland. Of course, the speech contained the usual Georgian flap-doodle about the preservation of Polish nationality and the usual flourish that if the Bolsheviks should attempt to stamp out the life of Poland, if they tried to obliterate Poland as a nation, then they should look out and they would be met at Philippi, which at that time seemed a long way from Warsaw. That was Mr. Lloyd George's message to the Bolsheviks and his announcement to the world. Those who have taken to heart the lessons of the German war and of the armistice and of the

treaty of peace, realized then that the future of Poland as an independent nation was the keystone in the arch of European peace. Two months ago yesterday, on August 10, 1920, the Prime Minister of Great Britain told the Bolsheviks of Russia that whatever guarantees Russia demanded Poland must give. The only justification I have ever heard attempted of Mr. George's shameful declaration was that it was dictated by English labor, which had been misguided by the social theorists and professorial ignoramuses, who had dogmatised about conditions in Russia in ignorance of the facts.

But clear-eyed France, peace-loving France, realized the importance of the crisis. When England, under the leadership of Mr. George, was willing to have Polish liberty crushed and extirpated in blood and iron, when the last act of the Polish drama was seemingly about to be played before a Europe too weary to interfere, and to the applause of Germany, when the Germans in Danzig had closed that so-called free port to the Poles, France said No! While England was willing to stand aloof, grudging and disparaging and parleying with the enemies of the world, France, glorious France, came to the relief of Poland. The attitude of England must have been one of the most humiliating and painful to self-respecting Englishmen that a great country has ever adopted. And what a contrast to the glorious courage of France!

France realized, Marshal Foch realized, her great President, Millerand, realized that the Battle of Warsaw would rank with the first Battle of the Marne as one of the greatest events in history and the most salutary. Tonight we are able to rejoice with France in a happier hour. France has not bragged about her part in that great fight for Polish liberty, and it is because France has not bragged that we feel justified in honoring the representative of the Army of France here tonight. In alluding to this recent crisis I realize how dependent the vast stakes at issue in the world are upon good relations between France and England and the United States. But I think that good international relations are always furthered by frankness, and I believe that that revolting episode in recent English history, which was one of the most stupid things ever done by a prime minister, will prove to be a salutary lesson and will perhaps prevent England's foreign policies from again being dictated by English labor, which in that case was provincial, ignorant and presumptuous.

France knows that the way to prevent war is not by lecturing at Chautauquas, not by writing notes to the Bolshevik commissioners, but by enforcing the treaty of peace with arms. France knows, and I believe that the people of the United States realize, that such a use of armed force was not war inspired by militaristic ideas but merely efficient international policing.

France is the country whose representative, whose military representative, we are gathered here to honor. France has not boasted of what she did. I have never found a representative Frenchman to say that France won the war. Because France has not boasted, we honor the soldier whom Marshal Foch, when he could not come here, sent to represent the French Army and him, GENERAL FAYOLLE. (The entire assemblage rose and applauded)

DISCOURS DU GENERAL FAYOLLE

MESDAMES,
MESSIEURS,

Il y a eu deux Batailles de la Marne: la première, celle de 1914 est une victoire Française; elle marque l'arrêt de l'offensive allemande et l'échec du plan initial de l'ennemi. (Applaudissements)

La seconde, celle de 1918, est une victoire Franco-Américaine; (Applaudissements) elle marque le commencement de la défaite irréparable de l'adversaire. C'est de cette seconde bataille que je veux vous parler, et pour plusieurs raisons:

Tout d'abord parce que, compatriote de Lafayette, je m'adresse ce soir à des Américains, et ensuite parce que dans cette seconde bataille, j'ai eu la bonne fortune de commander les premières divisions Américaines engagées au milieu des nôtres, et d'apprécier la valeur militaire de vos admirables soldats.

Vous avez eu raison, Mesdames et Messieurs, de rapprocher les deux anniversaires: Lafayette-la Marne, car ce rapprochement a pour nos deux nations une signification profonde et durable.

De même que Lafayette est un héros qui appartient à nos deux patries, de même la Marne s'inscrit comme une grande victoire sur nos deux drapeaux. (Applaudissements)

Chateau-Thierry!

C'était à l'un des moments les plus critiques de la guerre. L'ennemi avait rompu le front, franchi l'Aisne, la Vesle, atteint la Marne. Une fois de plus l'invasion menaçait la route de Paris, lorsque vos belles divisions entrèrent dans la fournaise.

Dès son arrivée en France, le Général Pershing avait, sur le tombeau de Lafayette prononcé les paroles mémorables: "Lafayette, nous voilà!"—Puis passant des paroles aux actes, il était venu dès le 28 Mars 1918 mettre ses premières divisions disponibles aux ordres du Haut Commandement Français. Avec une claire vision des événements qui se précipitaient, avec un geste que aurait suffi à le faire entrer dans l'histoire, il avait dit au Maréchal Foch: "Mes divisions, les voilà, faites en ce que vous voudrez!" (Applaudissements)

Le 31 Mai, la deuxième division quittait son camp d'instruction et s'était jetée en travers de la route de Chateau-Thierry à Paris; la troisième venait border la Marne, et ses mitrailleurs, devant l'infanterie, arrêtaient implacablement l'ennemi aux ponts de Chateau-Thierry. Bien plus, Mesdames et Messieurs, quelques jours plus tard, ces mêmes troupes prenaient l'offensive au nord de la Marne, enlevaient le Bois Belleau (Applaudissements) les villages de Boursches et de Vaux avec un entrain magnifique, et marquaient ainsi à l'ennemi leur ferme volonté de vaincre!

Puis, le 18 Juillet, cinq divisions américaines prenaient part à la contre-offensive des armées Mangin et Degoutte que j'avais l'honneur de commander. Ces belles troupes, qui constituaient un tiers des forces engagées, capturaient des milliers de prisonniers et des centaines de canons. La contre-offensive des Alliés n'allait plus s'arrêter jusqu'au Rhin. (Applaudissements)

Je ne vous parle pas, Mesdames et Messieurs, des batailles livrées par l'armée

américaine aux ordres du Général Pershing, et qui se résument dans les deux belles victoires de St Mihiel et de Meuse-Argonne, parce que ce sont là des victoires purement américaines et qui j'ai voulu rappeler seulement la victoire *Franco-Américaine* de la Marne.

Dans les années qui viendront, on élèvera des monuments en France, dans cette ville si française de Chateau-Thierry, patrie de Lafontaine, sur les bords de la Marne, cette rivière paisible qui marqua dans le cours de notre histoire l'arrêt des invasions barbares. Vous en élèverez également dans votre pays pour perpétuer le souvenir de vos morts glorieux. Ces monuments rappelleront à nos enfants, aux générations futures, que notre victoire fut le résultat de notre union, et de notre étroite collaboration dans la guerre, ils comprendront alors que leur devoir est de maintenir dans la paix, et pour assurer la paix, les liens qui furent et qui resteront notre force. (Applaudissements)

Nul plus que moi, Mesdames et Messieurs, n'est convaincu de la nécessité de maintenir et de resserrer chaque jour davantage l'union de nos deux pays. En vérité, tout nous rapproche, rien ne nous sépare; nos intérêts ne sont pas divergents, ils sont parallèles.

Tout nous rapproche; dans le passé, les souvenirs de luttes soutenues ensemble; dans le présent, le même amour de la liberté et du droit des peuples, le même dévouement à nos deux démocraties.

C'est pourquoi, Mesdames et Messieurs, en vous remerciant de tout coeur de l'accueil que vous venez de faire au représentant de la France et de son armée je bois à l'union indissoluble, chaque jour plus étroite et plus efficace, de la France et de l'Amérique. (A la fin de son discours, le Général Fayolle est l'objet d'une longue ovation.)

[Translation]

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :

There were two battles of the Marne; the first that of 1914 is a French victory; it marks the stoppage of the German offensive and the failure of the initial plan of the enemy. (Applause)

The second, that of 1918 is a Franco-American victory (applause). It marks the beginning of the irreparable defeat of the adversary. It is of this second battle that I wish to speak to you and that for several reasons:

First of all because being a countryman of Lafayette I am speaking tonight to Americans and then because in this second battle I had the good fortune to command the first American division in action among ours and to appreciate the military valor of your admirable soldiers.

You are right, Ladies and Gentlemen, to bring together these two anniversaries: Lafayette-The Marne, for this coincidence has for our two nations a deep and durable significance.

Just as Lafayette is a hero who belongs to both our countries, so the Marne is inscribed as a great victory on both our flags. (Applause)

Chateau-Thierry!

It was at one of the most critical moments of the war. The enemy had broken the front, crossed the Aisne, the Vesle, reached the Marne. Once more invasion

threatened the road to Paris, when your fine divisions entered the furnace.

Immediately upon his arrival in France, General Pershing, at the tomb of Lafayette had pronounced those memorable words: "Lafayette, we are here." Then passing from words to action, he came as early as March 28, 1918 to place his first available divisions under the orders of the French High Commander. With a clear vision of the events which were rushing upon one another, he had said to Marshal Foch: "My divisions, here they are; do with them whatever you will." (Applause)

On May 31, the second division left its training camp and had just thrown itself across the road from Chateau-Thierry to Paris; the third was along the Marne and its machine gunners going forward of the infantry, stopped implacably the enemy at the bridges of Chateau-Thierry. Even more, Ladies and Gentlemen, some days later these same troops took the offensive to the north of the Marne, carried Belleau Wood (applause), the villages of Bouresches and of Vaux, with magnificent spirit, and marked thus to the enemy their firm will to win.

Then on July 18, five American divisions took part in the counter-offensive of the Mangin and Degoutte armies which I had the honor to command. These fine troops, which constituted one-third of the forces engaged, captured thousands of prisoners and hundreds of guns. The counter-offensive of the Allies was not to stop until the Rhine. (Applause)

I shall not speak to you, Ladies and Gentlemen, of the battles fought by the American Army under the orders of General Pershing, and which resulted in these two fine victories of St. Mihiel and the Meuse-Argonne, because these are purely American victories and I wish to recall to you only the *Franco-American* victory of the Marne.

In the years which will come monuments will be raised in France in this city of Chateau-Thierry, so French, the home of Lafontaine, on the shores of the Marne, this peaceable river which marked in the course of our history, the stoppage of barbarian invasions.

You also will raise monuments in your country to perpetuate the memory of your glorious dead. These monuments will recall to your children, to the future generations, that our victory was the result of our union, and of our close co-operation in the war; they will understand then that their duty is to maintain peace, and in order to insure peace the bonds which were and will remain our strength. (Applause)

None more than I, Ladies and Gentlemen, is convinced of the necessity of maintaining and making closer, each day more, the union of our two countries. In truth, all draws us near; nothing separates us; our interests are not divergent; they are parallel. All draws us near; in the past, the remembrances of struggles borne together; in the present, the same love of liberty and the rights of peoples, the same devotion to our two democracies.

This is why, Ladies and Gentlemen, in thanking you wholeheartedly for your welcome to the representative of France and of her army, I drink to the indissoluble union, each day closer and more efficacious, of France and America.

(At the end of his address General Fayolle was the object of a long ovation.)



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